

The Fan

by Dawn Hutchison

There was a fan on the ceiling
Hung over the room
Spinning, stirring the room.
The steam of coffee
warming the breath
giving the room (the people) depth.
Streaming stutters
Uttered
From stagnant lips
Coated, covered in gloss and paint
Into a mesh of conversing consonants
Licking the steam
And breathing the smoke
Of unfiltered cigarettes
Mixing
Textured tables of green
Plastic linen
Under chortles and chokes
Churning into butter
And spreading
With the spinning,
Stirring of the fan.